Volume LXXXIX No. 2 March 29, 1968 30 cents

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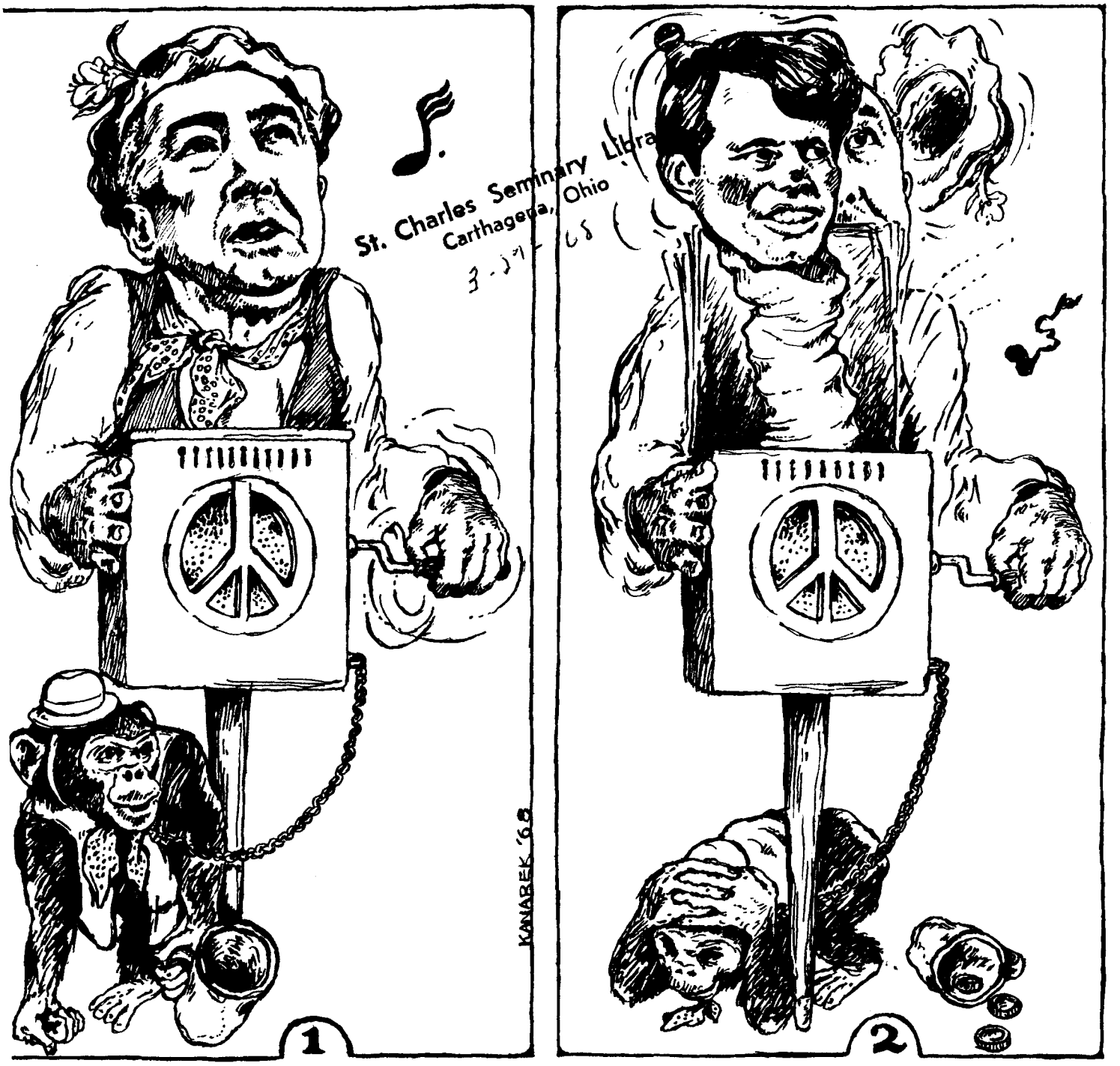

McCARTHY AND KENNEDY

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NEWS AND VIEWS

Every generation has its day, but it is chilling how swiftly and often tragically that day is ending for so many who helped shape the Church of Vatican II. Gone are Meyer, Weigel, Murray, Reinhold, Larrain—names that spring immediately to mind. Now add Gabel.

Father Emile Gabel, A.A., was general secretary of the International Catholic Union of the Press, and over the years an ardent campaigner for an informed public opinion in the Church. Gabel was particularly concerned about quickening the consciences of Church authorities on their responsibilities as sources of information, and his efforts were not always without success.

For Catholics to wish to be informed in and of their Church "is not vain curiosity," Father Gabel once wrote. "One cannot participate in an aware and responsible manner in the life of a group, if he does not understand the why and wherefore of events which happen in the group, or affect it."

He argued from the position that "if the right to information derives from human solidarity and social responsibility, there is no society where it should be more respected and more developed than in the Church." To persuade churchmen of this logic was one of Father Gabel's consuming missions.

Father Gabel, a native Frenchman, recognized the narrowness of so much of the U.S. Catholic press and he was constantly prodding it to seek a vision that passed beyond North America.

But he was more anxious about Latin America, and felt that the American Catholic press and American Catholics lacked a sufficiently strong sense of obligation to assist their Latin neighbors. Less so, the German bishops, who allocate large sums to Latin America through their aid organization Adveniat, much of it earmarked to strengthen the Catholic press. Gabel helped oversee the investment, and became a regular visitor to Latin America.

Several days ago, while returning to Paris from a trip to Colombia, Father Emile Gabel, 59, went down in the Air France crash on the island of Guadaloupe that claimed 67 lives.

To American colleagues, Father Gabel's death came as a violent shock. "Father Gabel was a towering figure in the Catholic press field, a giant who will never be replaced," said James A. Doyle and Father Hugh Morley, U.S. officials of the international Catholic press organization.

The prediction is depressing and much too sweeping, but the characterization is totally accurate.

•

Dr. Rita A. McGuire, associate dean of Fordham University's School of Social Service, rhapsodized on ex-faculty member Terence J. Cooke in a recent Fordham press release.

Terence Cooke "is a professional social worker who has a personal commitment to helping the poor help themselves." He is "realistic, practical, simple and direct." He also has "no affectations," and at Fordham he "embodied the ideals of democracy in everything he did."

"It sounds like a great platitude," Dr. McGuire allowed, "but it's true."

Dr. McGuire recollected when Terence Cooke was leaving his teaching post at Fordham and the students were "bemoaning his loss."

"Don't worry," she consoled them. He'll be a bishop someday." Check.

•

Include the Association of Boston Urban Priests among those anxious for the mayors of American cities to unite and assume new corporate responsibilities *vis-à-vis* the Vietnam war.

Using as a springboard the recent Riots Commission Report, the priests, about 70 in number, urged formation of a committee of mayors "to oppose current Administration policy in Vietnam and to lobby with power for a massive national effort to overcome the 'unfreedom' of our cities."

"Now is the time for previously untapped leadership to appear," they commented. "The mayors of our large cities must appear among the most vocal opponents of current Administration policy in Vietnam if their concern for their cities is to be given any credibility."

"What can be said about priority and depth of concern in a nation which permits an expenditure of some $300,000 for each 'enemy' killed in Vietnam, as against less than $50 for each person classified as 'poor' in our own nation?" the priests asked. "The body of mayors must act to change this situation."

The priests called on Boston Mayor Kevin H. White to take the leadership in organizing mayors of America into a committee of concern. Richard Flavin, a spokesman in the mayor's office, said that Mayor White would be made aware of the priests' bid upon his return from Nassau.

•

The birthdays of Lincoln and Washington were marked at St. Augustine's Church in Pittsburgh with a Peace Mass. Members of the Nathan Hale History Club at St. Augustine High processed to the altar bearing copies of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the American flag.

•

For the modern nun, institutional merchandiser Chn. Zimmermann & Son Co. of Asbury Park and New York City is offering "lighter weight, more sheer, full fashioned" stretch hosiery, and "ladies' V-neck cardigans, with long sleeves and peek-a-boo edge."

Still on the Zimmermann list, however, are such staples as elbowwarmers, sleeping caps ("with knitted draw-string") and kneewarmers.

•

The Making of Clichés Dept.:

—A MAN FOR THIS SEASON, title of an editorial in the March 10 New York *Times* on Eugene McCarthy.—A SCIENTIFIC MAN FOR ALL SEASONS, title of a feature in the March 10 New York *Times Magazine* on physicist Hans Bethe.

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Coconuts in Brazil

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Ernest Garvey's short article on the latest "AFL-CIA" coconut in Brazil (Feb. 9) might, had space been allowed, also included additional alarming details. Not the least of these is the parallel effort of IFPCW representatives to undermine the Brazilian State Petroleum Authority—*Petrobras*—in favor of American and other foreign private investors thereby raising the intensely emotional issue for an underdeveloped nation of the potential loss of control over a natural resource now thought to be of much greater significance than foreseen in the early 1960's. Secondly, the International Federation of Petroleum and Chemical Workers is not an American union but rather the only American-based International Trade Secretariat (ITS), the other 17 of which have been traditionally headquartered in Europe (Great Britain, Denmark, Switzerland and Belgium).

Delegates to the Fifth World Congress of the IFPCW held in Caracas, Venezuela, between Nov. 20-25, 1966, for example, came from no less than 45 nations and territories. One possible significance of this international aspect is that the CIA can legitimately claim that it has fully complied with the presidential panel's conclusion that front activities utilizing *American* trade unions had to stop. A variation of the same argument might also be applied to the AIFLD on the very accurate grounds that it is hardly a "pure labor" organization given the fact that 95 per cent of its budget is Government financed and that its Board Chairman is J. Peter Grace, Jr., who represents the management sector within the organization, while George Meany as President and CWA President Joseph A. Beirne represent American labor. Beirne is Secretary Treasurer of the AIFLD.

Also of significance is the fact that the AIFLD's ever present silent partner in the field—the engineering and con-

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COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts.
Second-class postage paid in Philadelphia, Pa. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave, New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. *Copyright © 1968 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.* *US and Canada, $9 a year. Foreign $11.*

McCARTHY AND KENNEDY

The immediate political drama at the moment is the entry of Robert F. Kennedy into the presidential race, hard on the heels of Eugene McCarthy's stunning performance in New Hampshire. Superficially, it is the drama of two peace candidates, different in temperament but alike in their opposition to President Johnson, contending with each other for a chance to oust the present Administration. But the real and the important drama is that an organized Democratic opposition to Mr. Johnson has arisen within his own party. By the usual political odds this is suicidal for a party in power; it risks a destructive intraparty fight and provides the opposing party with an admitted discontent to exploit. It can also be suicidal for those within the incumbent party who do the challenging. They risk the animosity of party loyalists and the sanctions of a powerful President; if their challenge fails, it could mean the end of their political careers.

McCarthy and Kennedy are surely aware of these political realities. They have undertaken an enormous hazard. But it is to their everlasting historical credit that they moved because they see an even greater hazard, one which transcends their own political fortunes and those of the Democratic party. They see that the United States of America, once proud, is slowly being destroyed by its pressing of the Vietnamese war. That war is a political and a moral failure in its own terms, and a domestic disaster in terms of its impact on an economy in desperate need of money to rebuild the cities and to give the Negro the equality due him. It is hard to overstate the ultimate issues. For the sake of world peace and the future of the country, the war must end. The Johnson Administration has been a catastrophe; it must go, and quickly. In those terms, the personal fate of Senators McCarthy and Kennedy becomes relatively unimportant.

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What is important now is that the challenge to Mr. Johnson succeed, whoever in the end carries it most successfully into the Democratic convention. Senator McCarthy's New Hampshire triumph was spectacular; the anti-Johnson discontent exists and can be capitalized upon. Yet the hard and inescapable facts are that Mr. Johnson is the incumbent President; that he has immense political and financial resources at his disposal; that he is a shrewd politician, hard to outwit. He will not roll over and play dead. So far he has not shown any signs at all of backing down on the war. That kind of doggedness requires not only conviction (utterly misguided though it is), but also a considerable degree of political confidence that the people, even if unhappy, will continue to back him. It will be extremely difficult to stop him from getting the renomination. Mr. Johnson knows that New Hampshire was not by any means the end of the road for him; and those who oppose him had better know it also.

If any single man deserves to carry the challenge home, it is Senator McCarthy. His lonely entry into the race was magnificent, his political skill in New Hampshire impressive, and his appeal to youth beautiful. He has every right to twit his anti-war senatorial colleagues for failing to support him wholeheartedly; and every right to be slightly wry in his comments about Senator Kennedy's belated declaration of candidacy. No doubt Mr. Kennedy is by far the better-known figure, and no doubt too he figures on paper to mount a more effective and affluent campaign. Yet paper figuring is not quite enough for this struggle. Senator McCarthy has captured the enthusiasm of the different peace groups; he is quickly becoming a known political figure; and, unlike Senator Kennedy, he does not suffer from a mixed-image problem. The initial reaction to Mr. Kennedy's announcement was less than enthusiastic. McCarthy still has the momentum and we would be happy to have it remain that way.

Emotional momentum, though, will not in the end be enough. Primaries have to be won and delegate votes gathered. For that reason, Senator Kennedy's entry into the race is valuable. He has supporters whom Senator McCarthy does not have and might never get, and there is still enough magic in the Kennedy name to help dramatize that the resistance to Mr. Johnson extends deep within the party structure. The wider the base of the opposition to the Administration the better; for the moment, that will be the practical meaning of Senator Kennedy's candidacy. The supposed "opportunism" of his entry has to be seen in a sensible perspective. His own political risk is still great, even if McCarthy paved the way for a meaningful dissent; and, even if tardy, his candidacy still counts and will have considerable impact.

The issue, to repeat, is to end the war. The first and critical necessity is that the anti-war candidates conduct an effective primary campaign, bringing to the surface, focussing, and intensifying the anti-Johnson mood. The second is to reduce Mr. Johnson's present delegate strength, partially by winning delegates outright, and partially by encouraging the expansion of uncommitted delegations. The third is an open Democratic convention, able to deny Mr. Johnson first-ballot nomination, and then able to pick a successor. Naturally, these three necessities are interrelated. But, more importantly, they together require that the anti-war Democrats not cut each other to pieces. Nothing could be more helpful to Mr. Johnson, nothing more harmful to the coalescing anti-war sentiment which will need, finally, one candidate to throw itself behind.

We hope Senators McCarthy and Kennedy will cooperate. They must. The first measure of their quality as human beings was their willingness to take on the President in an uphill battle. The next measure will be the willingness on the part of one of them to know when to bow out and throw his support behind the other. Our man is McCarthy but our issue is the ending of the war.

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Irish Power Closes in On Lyndon Johnson

Until the New Hampshire primary, there was the very real danger that the American political system was locked up too tight to respond to one of the century's great waves of popular sentiment. But, as the man said, it's now a new ball game.

There were inklings as early as the Minnesota balloting for convention delegates that a revolution was in the making; that the disaffected were angry and well-organized enough around the issue of the war to acutely embarrass the loyalists. McCarthy's victory has had a remarkably liberating effect on Democratic politics across the country. All of a sudden the President is quite beatable, and local politicians who don't want to go down with the ship are willing to tell the President so, or to defect.

Already, the foolish politics of Vietnam loyalty have cost the Democratic party first-rate senatorial and gubernatorial candidates in Illinois, a strong senatorial candidate in New York, and have badly split the party in numerous other states. As long as the peace wing was seen as a fringe, the White House could call the tune. Now, with the appeal of the peace issue and the popular hostility to the President demonstrated, the response to anti-war sentiment by local political figures will soar.

With a singularly poor sense of timing, *Ramparts* recently ran an article by Andrew Kopkind that resulted from an interview with the Don Quixote McCarthy of early January. Kopkind wrote that the failure of McCarthy was the symbolic failure of American liberalism. Events in New Hampshire turn this analysis on its head: the success of McCarthy is the success of a new, post-

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liberal coalition of students, intellectuals, professionals, and ordinary voters who have providentially found a champion within the democratic system. The number of disaffected youth who regard McCarthy's challenge as "the system's last chance" is still ominous; but the exhilaration of the New Hampshire success has produced an optimism among the nation's youth unknown since the days of John Kennedy.

In order to be embraced by the alienated, the figure almost had to be someone like McCarthy, who was totally outside the establishment, not taken seriously by the pros, and willing to support propositions like selective conscientious objection and amnesty for those who fled to Canada, which no compromiser in his right mind would go near. It was suggested half in earnest that the slogan, "A vote for McCarthy is a vote for Ho Chi Minh," originated in the McCarthy camp as an olive branch to the New Left.

McCarthy's early, lonely declaration of candidacy was an act of faith, based on the premise that Lyndon Johnson was indeed "dumpable." In Allard Lowenstein's graphic phrase, the "great gale of political halitosis emanating from the White House" could not be permitted to go unchallenged. McCarthy's uncommon decency was mistaken by almost everybody for political anemia. But all those people who "don't know anybody who supports the war" and see Lyndon Johnson as 1984-come-true are now intensely relieved to learn that a great number of their neighbors agree. And with the myth of LBJ's invulnerability cracked, the politicians are bound to follow.

McCarthy's New Hampshire success dovetails, so to speak, with recent developments in the Congress. Westmoreland's request for 206,000 additional troops has finally posed the sense of decision in the Administration and in the Congress that has been absent in the muddled gradualism since the first escalation of 1965. Finally, there is a wave of sentiment in favor of drawing the line. In the Administration, doves who could not complain at increments of ten or twenty thousand have been flushed out. On the Hill, dozens of new Congressmen are demanding consultation before any new escalation. The patient rhetoric of Secretary Rusk's testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee belonged to another age. Rusk won, but the policy lost. The climate created by McCarthy's New Hampshire performance and Westmoreland's demand may finally pull the rug out from under the Administration.

With Robert Kennedy's entry into the race, the possibility of actually "dumping" Lyndon Johnson grows appreciably. Kennedy's declaration was a bittersweet event for the McCarthy forces. Initially, McCarthy the man was seen as merely the instrument to unlock the rusty machinery of intraparty democracy, but lately he has been regarded with much respect and admiration personally.

Before Kennedy's actual declaration, Kennedy forces were openly predicting that his candidacy would virtually force McCarthy to defer; that McCarthy would appear as the spoiler, that Kennedy's enormous political weight would be overpowering. No such thing has happened. Although the next weeks will see intense bargaining between the two camps, the possibility of a cooperative arrangement in the primary states grows increasingly remote.

Nevertheless, the entry of Kennedy is cause for great soul-searching and divided loyalty among peace Democrats. In precisely those areas of the country where peace sentiment is strong enough for an office holder openly to oppose Lyndon Johnson, McCarthy strength is also greatest, because McCarthy was there first. Political logic dictates a Kennedy-McCarthy *entente*, but ideology, pride and the kind of man it took to first challenge Johnson dictate otherwise. One thing is certain: the Kennedy campaign will be no children's crusade.

McCarthy's Washington Headquarters on primary night looked like a student council election. The elder statesmen of the New Hampshire endeavor were about thirty. Sam Brown and Mary Lou Oates, both recently of the National Student Association, are twenty-four. Vance Opperman, who engineered the Minnesota triumph, is twenty-five, and also recently of NSA. The youth of the country, on the verge of defecting to much more radical and ugly alienation, with serious consequences for democratic tolerance and democratic rule in America, have found a reason to give the system another chance.

On primary night, a reporter was interviewing Sandy Frucher, the senior McCarthy aide left in charge of the Washington office.

"And how old are *you*?" asked the reporter.

Frucher answered in obvious pain, as if he had been asked for I.D. while out with an important date. "Do we have to go through this?" he asked.

"My editors want it," said the reporter.

Frucher let out a pained sigh. "Twenty-four."

The system is dead. Long live the system.

ERNEST GARVEY

(Ernest Garvey is the pseudonym of an employee of the federal government in Washington.)

NEXT WEEK

Robert Coles discusses the current popularity of psychologist Jean Piaget:

"Neither Freud nor Piaget deserves the 'treatment' he has received from the 'public'—a treatment that in Piaget's case is perhaps on the ascendency even as Freud's 'influence' wanes. (All of which may be a very good thing for Freud and his ideas, a very poor one for Piaget and his.)"

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Cracks in the Italian Coalition

Italian democracy, which rose from the twin graves of Fascism and monarchy at the close of World War II, is scarcely 20-years-old, but already it has started to operate in a way typical of older and more cynical governments.

For the past five years, 65 percent of the seats in Parliament have been controlled by an alliance between Premier Aldo Moro's Christian Democrats and Petro Nenni's Socialist coalition. (The Communist Party is the second strongest in Italy, controlling 25 percent of the Parliamentary seats.) The Moro-Nenni alliance has not always been harmonious, however, and from time to time the centrist parties have threatened to split and topple the Administration. The balance of power was thus threatened in the first half of 1964, for example. A working agreement was finally achieved, but the dangers involved in that Parliamentary tug of war were not realized until recently when a scandal connected with the Armed Forces Information Services (SIFAR—the security division of the elite and powerful Carabinieri) brought to light some of the ominous details of the 1964 crisis. The ensuing uproar has threatened to destroy the current coalition government and has given the extremes of left and right a potent issue in campaigns for the coming elections in May.

The SIFAR scandal emerged quietly late last year when a Colonel Filippi wrote an article in *L'Espresso,* asserting that during the crisis of 1964, General de Lorenzo, chief of SIFAR, was asked to form a plan to ensure national stability in case the parties in Parliament were unable to resolve their differences. Although all the details are still not clear, it seems that the plan was for the Carabinieri to seize power. A list was compiled of political dissenters who were to be rounded up and jailed in order to silence any opposition to the coup, and the military were to remain in power until political stability was restored.

General de Lorenzo's libel suit against *L'Espresso* skyrocketed the issue into public notice and by January Parliament was in a turmoil, with charges and counter charges and demands for a full-scale investigation. The centrist coalition parties eyed each other suspiciously and the rightist and leftist factions accused the Socialists and Christian Democrats of complicity with Fascism or Communism. The crisis was such that by the end of January there was a grave danger of Moro's government falling, with no time before the May elections for anyone to pick up the pieces. Moro, sensing the risks of an investigation at that time, firmly refused to allow any further consideration of the SIFAR issue on the grounds of "national security interests." Behind the scenes he was able to persuade the coalition to back him; apparently he spelled out the dangers of such an investigation to all concerned. The issue, therefore, has been formally shelved for the time being, but few believe that anything has been solved by whisking the controversy out of sight. Both Communists and Fascists are gleeful at the chance to embarrass the Government and have vowed to keep the issue alive through the elections; newspapers and periodicals from both sides are also making capital of the scandal.

L'Unita, the Communist weekly, has printed a series of in-depth analyses, accusing the Carabinieri, and citing the Fascist overtones of the alleged takeover plans. To them, the situation is analogous to the coup in Greece; Italian demonstrations against the military junta in Athens are tinged with allusions to SIFAR, de Lorenzo and the events of 1964.

Lo Specchio, the rightist weekly, accuses coalition leftists of responsibility. In its January 16 issue, it printed alleged photostats of canceled checks and receipts indicating transactions between the Carabinieri and the Socialist party dating from February 1964. Although *Lo Specchio* is neither Fascist nor Monarchist, its stand suggests the kind of arguments these parties will use in the election campaigning.

In many respects the attacks of left and right wings are similar. They both agree that somewhere within the central coalition there is the grave danger that the Constitution will be negated. The Fascists will gain votes from those who fear the leftists and the Communists from those who fear the rightists. Both, ironically, are campaigning on the issue that democracy is in danger, which seems fully justified if Fillippi's accusations and Moro's silence are any sign. Furthermore, both factions have openly concluded that the plot involved powers outside of Italy. The Communists claim collusion between the CIA and SIFAR. The rightists, though not specifically citing the CIA, suggest with some validity that the takeover plan could not have been formulated without at least informing security agencies within NATO.

Whether or not the charges against de Lorenzo, SIFAR and an unnamed faction of the government are valid, and there are few who seriously doubt they are, it is certain that the issue will strongly influence the coming elections and add strength to extremist parties. It will also, if it has not done so already, sow suspicion within the centrist coalition. Moro's silencing of the issue could weaken confidence in him and in the Christian Democratic Party, and Nenni could suffer from the documents *Lo Specchio* insists upon discussing.

The situation is paradoxical in that the forces pledged to maintain the Constitution are precisely the ones being accused of complicity in a plot to overthrow it. The extremist parties, on the other hand, are posing as defenders of constitutional democracy. By May, however, the pres-

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ent verbal and ideological contradictions could well be acted upon at the polls and the result could make the governmental crisis of 1964 a mere foreshadowing of chaos.

EDWARD F. CALLAHAN

(Edward F. Callahan, chairman of the English Department at Holy Cross College, is spending a sabbatical leave in Italy.)

The Riots Report: A Glaring Omission

The report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders caught most Americans as much by surprise as the riots of Los Angeles and Detroit—the two cities where substantial progress in race relations supposedly was being made. Not the least surprised were those who had been prepared for a "whitewash" and recommendations for massive measures of repression. The early work of the staff had seemed hopelessly out of touch with the mood of the nation and the Congress, as well as with the political realities of an election year and the Holy Crusade in Vietnam. In mid-December approximately sixty social scientists on the staff were suddenly told that their services were no longer needed. A preliminary report, "The Fruits of Racism," was suppressed. As late as mid-February it was rumored that the Commission would recommend a federal riot control force to quell disorders.

Then, as suddenly as the staff members were fired, the mood of the Commission shifted. What happened? How could a report which seemed destined for the taming of the blue pencil emerge as the strongest single statement on the racial crisis in America since Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*? One thing seems fairly certain at this point. Few commissions have been bombarded with so much empirical evidence. The data and testimony presented to the Commission indisputably laid open the stark realities of ghetto life, developed a historical perspective for understanding the underlying causes, and left little room to doubt what the implications of further drift and tokenism would be. Confronted with these harsh realities, the more conservative members of the Commission were almost totally disarmed. Failure to tell what they had learned would place a heavy burden of responsibility on their shoulders. They had to "tell it like it is."

In spite of its boldness on many counts, the Commission's report did not emerge in a vacuum devoid of political realities, and hence will be subjected to extensive criticism. It will be criticized by black militants because of its assumption that integration is desirable—a goal in which many militants have lost faith. White conservatives are certain to criticize its failure to stress the importance of law and order and the Negro's responsibility to lift himself by his own bootstraps.

There is no mention of cost in the report, yet its hundreds of recommendations and the kind of response it calls for will cost many billions of dollars. Whether this was a calculated strategy to focus attention on the problem, or a face-saving device for an already overcommitted and budget-conscious Congress and Administration is debatable. Similarly, no mention is made of the enormous budgetary commitment in Vietnam. Even without attaching a price tag or mentioning Vietnam, however, the implications are nakedly clear: the guns *and* butter thesis is a myth.

But the most serious failure of the Commission report has been largely overlooked. It comes down hard on white racism and repression of Negroes, which should give black people some satisfaction, but social science research indicates that this is not the most effective way to create a basic change in attitudes—the heart of the problem. To be sure, blatant bigotry remains a part of American society, but the large majority of white Americans do not conceive of themselves as prejudiced. Indeed, public opinion polls reveal that an ever-increasing proportion of whites believe that Negroes are entitled to equal rights. This is not to say that prejudice is rapidly disappearing from the American scene. Rather, prejudice has become subtler and more complex—so subtle that most whites fail to see it in themselves. To cry "racism" is to conjure up images of the Bull Connors, the Donald Lobsingers and the Klan. Most whites will probably not understand that the reference to broad-based racism refers to them, or if they do, their response is likely to be anger rather than understanding.

The new style of prejudice in American society cannot be effectively combated with the old techniques. Failure to recognize this is the most important, almost catastrophic, failure of the Commission report. Having pinpointed prejudice as a critical problem, it fails to devote even a single page to exploring the nature and dynamics of prejudice. Similarly, it fails to make any recommendations for programs that could have an impact on reducing prejudice in American society. In by-passing the critical issue of attitude-change, the Commission may have missed the one avenue through which radical changes in the appalling conditions of employment, housing, education and welfare might be effected. This omission is a tragedy that need not have been. Several of the social scientists who were prematurely dismissed from the staff are familiar with the large body of literature on the nature of prejudice and techniques for reducing it. Until this problem is attacked, the nation and the Congress are not likely to make the kind of "compassionate, massive, and sustained" effort that is necessary to forestall our dangerous drift toward an irreconcilably divided society. Unless it is faced, the report may simply go down in history as a tragic prophecy.

JEFFREY K. HADDEN

(Jeffrey K. Hadden is an associate professor of sociology at Case Western Reserve University.)

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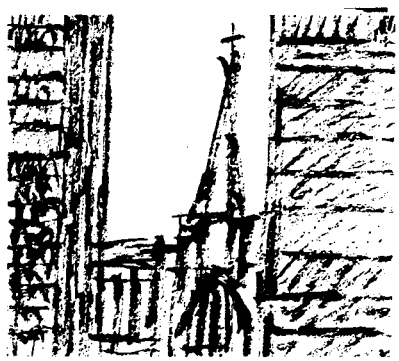
PIE-IN-THE-SKY THEOLOGY?

Davis, Küng and Ruether on the Church

DANIEL CALLAHAN



Until six or seven years ago, Frank Sheed's *Theology and Sanity* was required reading for the educated Catholic. Its main theme appeared unassailable: to be sane is to see the world as the Church sees it, and to see what the Church sees is to perceive reality as it is. "God is not only a fact of religion," Mr. Sheed wrote, "He is a fact." "The laws of right living promulgated by the Church . . . are the natural and obvious laws of [the] real world," he said in another place. "To overlook God's presence is not simply to be irreligious; it is a kind of insanity, like overlooking anything else that is actually there."

Those years are gone. Reality has managed to get lost, and with it all those Christian "facts" and healthy-minded Catholic "sanity." In *The Sacred Canopy*, Peter Berger has recently provided some brilliantly suggestive clues about the reasons behind such a loss. "The reality of the Christian world," he says, "depends upon the presence of social structures within which this reality is taken for granted and within which successive generations . . . are socialized in such a way that this world will be real *to them*. When this plausibility structure loses its intactness or continuity, the Christian world begins to totter and its reality ceases to impose itself as self-evident truth."

Berger is not talking here about Catholicism in particular, but about the general situation of a Christianity whose plausibility has been shattered by secularity, and whose monopoly on reality-definition has been broken by the fact of pluralism. But if what he says is cogent, as I think it is, then it should help place in better focus some recent developments in Catholic ecclesiology. In particular, I want to explore the implications of what Berger calls a corollary of his analysis: "The less firm the plausibility structure becomes, the more acute will be the need for world-maintaining legitimations. Typically, therefore, the development of complex legitimations takes place in situations in which plausibility structures are threatened in one way or another." In the end, nothing less than a reconstruction of reality is required. The "plausibility structure" in my instance is Roman Catholicism, the "complex legitimations" are some recent events and books, and the reality in question is the Christian Church.

Charles Davis' book, *A Question of Conscience,* and the break with Rome which led to it, is the most important event. Davis drove to a logical conclusion the implicit content of much post-conciliar "progressive" ecclesiology: papal authority has lost its credibility and with it has gone the credibility of the entire hierarchical structure of the Catholic Church. For good measure, Davis pushed his point home by repudiating the biblical and historical claims of Catholic authority. Davis' complaints were hardly original; Protestants have been making the same kinds of remarks for centuries. But his distinction lay in the fact that he was a Catholic theologian of some note, obviously an important distinction, and just as obviously a blow to those progressives who have danced an elaborate jig to avoid Davis' blunt conclusion.

What was the reaction? By and large, it followed almost perfectly the logic inherent in *Theology and Sanity* and drilled into the bones of Catholics. Since to be Catholic is to be sane, anyone who leaves Catholicism must be under the spell of a woman, psychologically troubled, or in some other way disturbed. I must have heard fifty different psychoanalytic theories during the past year to explain what was taken to be Davis' patently bizarre be-

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havior. This theorizing was not surprising. If one has imbibed the purported sanity of Catholicism for years, the only thing to do with "defectors" and "apostates" is to look for the hidden psychopathology.

Yet if that response was faithful to the old Catholic/reality/sanity score, even the untutored could see that it was just a bit crude. Something more subtle was needed, one of Berger's "complex legitimations," whereby one could commend Davis' courage, nod favorably toward his critique of Romanism—but stay in the Church. Difficult to manage? Not at all. What one does is to deny that the Catholic "reality" Davis rejects, the papal-hierarchical Church, is the genuine Catholic reality; the latter lies elsewhere, overlooked by Davis' otherwise sharp eye. Thus William Birmingham in a sensitive review of Davis' book (*Cross Currents,* Fall 1967) wrote: "I must assert that the institutional church is not the church, but only an aspect of it. What is offered to my experience, at least, is far broader than the institutional and the hierarchical. . ." Birmingham sees a "Church of fellowship"; that is what is real. "Because [Davis] could not see the ecclesial reality of the fellowship, he in the end had to despair of the Roman Church. . ."

Twisting the Knife

While Birmingham's approach provides a splendid example of a "complex legitimation" and a reconstruction of reality, the prize must go to Justus George Lawler. In a *Continuum* review of the Davis book (Autumn 1967), Lawler warms up by hitting Davis with a few punches in the style of the old school. "Davis," he tells us, always struck him "as theologically small beer." As for the book itself, "it is inept, pretentious, and trite." Davis' "effort at exposition of intimate personal relations takes the form of dumbfounding woodenness. . ." At all costs, it seems, Davis must be destroyed: his earlier reputation, his intelligence and his prose, for a start. But the final assault is still to come, this time in the new style. Charles Davis, it is revealed, "is theologically a materialist . . . a naive literalist." Among other things, this materialism "leads to a defective theory of sign, of credibility, and of 'embodiment'." That's hitting a theologian where it hurts. Moreover, "the 'traditional understanding of faith and credibility' on which Davis professes to depend. . . . is a tradition not honored anywhere today." Davis, we must suppose, edited but never read *The Clergy Review.*

Next, Lawler says that "One can [not] imagine . . . any theologian maintaining with Charles Davis that Roman Catholicism 'imposes as a condition for membership belief in its social structure as of divine institution.' " That last point is the most interesting as an illustration of Berger's thesis. What Lawler has done is flatly to deny that anyone of good theological sense holds that Catholicism requires a belief in papacy and hierarchy (which is, after all, what Davis and most other people mean by the Church's "social structure"). This is an audacious stroke, totally shifting the Catholic reality from where most people, including the bishops and pope, think it is to somewhere else. Lawler's final shot returns us to the well-lighted room: "What the defection of Charles Davis comes to, then, must be either the result of personal factors involved in his celibacy-marriage difficulties . . . or the result of some non-rational, and thus *indiscutable,* conviction that Roman Catholicism is intrinsically and essentially irreformable." *Personal factors . . . non-rational*: beautiful.

Now all of this might simply be funny, except for the stakes involved. If my wife was suddenly arrested for murder, arson, dope peddling and a series of bank robberies, I would undoubtedly deny (for I love her) that these acts have anything to do with her "reality," which only I am privileged to know. And my faith in her would probably be excused, though not adopted, by others. Similarly, I suppose we should be ready to forgive those who so love the Church that they are prepared to discern—with the eye of faith—some hidden experiential data which they label "the" reality. But if we should be forgiving, we are not required to overlook the strategic moves of these "complex legitimations." These moves are three: 1) Deny that the apparent reality is the genuine reality; 2) Point out the personal and intellectual deficiencies of those who notice only the apparent reality; 3) Assert that the genuine reality can only be espied by the eye of faith.

This strategy is of course classic, the historical method-of-choice for safely passing through personal, theological and cultural crises. But it is not, it turns out, the only strategy. Two new books on the Church introduce us to some fresh ways of coping with the ecclesiological crisis, Hans Küng's *The Church* (Sheed and Ward, $6.95), and Rosemary Ruether's *The Church Against Itself* (Herder and Herder. $5.50). Both are eminently readable, honest and useful. If Küng's book is the more scholarly and solid, Ruether's is more exciting and imaginative.

Küng's book opens on a familiar note, the above-mentioned classic strategy, but ends on a very different one. In his early pages we are led through some tortured discussions about the visible and invisible, the permanent and the impermanent, the imaged and the essential Church. "The inner nature within the outer structure [of the Church]," he writes, "can only be seen by the eye of the believing Christian." "Criticism, like admiration, is often directed towards a mere facade, however real. It attacks an external aspect of the Church which may be part of its particular historical attributes but does not belong to its permanent nature. To attack the 'un-nature' of the Church is to attack the real Church but not its real nature." With such distinctions ready at hand, we are then treated to some dazzlingly paradoxical statements about the nature of the "real Church."

Fortunately, these early swaddling clothes are soon

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thrown off. In later chapters Küng undercuts a number of central convictions of historical, traditional Roman Catholicism. "The gospels," he says forthrightly, "do not report any public announcement by Jesus of his intention to found a Church." On "apostolic succession" Küng says that "Apostolicity can never mean power through which the Church might rule." On papal succession, he states that "it is difficult to see how Peter could have had a monarchical bishop as his successor." Of the favorite Catholic passage in the gospel of Matthew, "Thou art Peter . . ." (16:18 ff.), Küng writes that "There are no signs [in the early Church] that anyone seriously thought of a connection between the Matthew passage and Rome." Thus, in its own way Küng's biblical and historical critique parallels that of Charles Davis. In addition, Küng is almost as skeptical of the Church's visible credibility as a community of truth, love and justice as Davis.

The Difference Between Küng and Davis

Yet there is an essential difference between Küng and Davis. Davis has given up all hope that the institutional credibility of the Church can be restored. Küng believes it can be, if quite possible and conceivable reforms, signs of which are already becoming apparent, are wholeheartedly adopted. The belief in apostolicity, for instance, can be restored by a real witness of Christian service to the world. The belief in papal and hierarchical authority can be revivified by a "voluntary renunciation of the power which in practice has become associated with the Petrine ministry." A "primacy of service" in the Church will not only reestablish the Church's moral credibility, but will also go far toward reestablishing the credibility of its biblical and historical claims. To the objection that the latter credibility is logically of a very different sort than the former, Küng has an answer: if many of the Roman claims now seem historically shaky, we should not yet close the door on these claims; more historical research may help to clarify and possibly refurbish them. But the main point for Küng is this: "it is not the claims, the 'rights,' the 'chain of succession' as such which are decisive, but the exercise and carrying out of a ministry in practice, service in action."

All of this is both satisfying and worrisome. It is satisfying because it is a "complex legitimation" which enables restless, generally unhappy Catholics to be more comfortably skeptical of hierarchical pretensions to power and solid biblical backing; we need that, and it is better coming from a Catholic than a Protestant. It is also satisfying because by humbly refusing to forever close the door on the traditional biblical and historical claims, Küng leaves us with a way of hoping that some satisfactory sense may someday be restored to them, thus maintaining our continuity with the past. Finally, there is the satisfaction of seeing someone spell out in detail the growing underground conviction that the key to Christian belief is the Church's visible credibility as a community of love, truth and justice.

The worrisome part is that the "real nature" of the Church just about disappears in the process. Having been initially invited to take a "realistic and concrete view of the Church," we are finally left with a view which requires us to stake our belief on a Church which does not yet exist, on a reality still to be realized. Ecclesial reality is reconstructed as an essentially future reality. Küng, I should add, specifically denies this kind of an implication in his argument. But I am forced to say that it is there, despite his intentions; the "real nature" of the Church Küng effectively puts beyond our immediate grasp. Instead of clearly relocating and pinpointing the reality of the Church, as does the classic strategy, Küng leaves it thoroughly indeterminate, buried away somewhere under layers of scholarship, paradox, reformist zeal and hope. One can hardly mount a decisive attack on this kind of hidden ecclesial "reality"; and that, naturally, is a great advantage for the maintenance of faith and hope. Nor can one arrive at any clear-cut criteria for deciding for or against the Church. And that is an even greater advantage; all potential critics are forestalled in advance. Hence, a still newer, revised strategy: 1) Deny that the real nature of the Church is where its critics say it is; 2) Point out that the critics lack the "eye of faith"; 3) Make it utterly impossible to locate the real nature of the Church, meanwhile talking about it incessantly. The main advantage of the newer strategy over the old is that the latter is liable to have its relocated "reality" taken apart by some new critics. This can't happen with the new method, because the critics will never be able to find the reality. I don't for an instant mean to suggest that this is Küng's intention; his book is rational and well-developed, as open as one could wish. It is just that the book is immensely frustrating if one is concerned, following Davis' prodding, to decide if the Church *is* credible. For all Küng's scholarship, his book provides no answer to that critical question.

It is left, though, to Rosemary Ruether to put us in an even safer position and to carry the "complex legitimations" to further heights. First, unlike Küng, Dr. Ruether feels under no compulsion at all to hold out hope that the hierarchical Catholic Church has a theologically legitimate future. Her resolute intention is to be "post-ecumenical," whereby "the plurality of Christian traditions are existentially taken up into a new theological consciousness." Second, where Küng leaves a tiny space for a possible historical vindication of Rome's claims, Ruether leaves none at all. She is very confident about this, aided immeasurably by an almost exclusive use of Protestant sources (which, if not exactly post-ecumenical, is very effective). Third, she presents an elaborate and well-argued case that "When the church naturalises itself in history and disregards the tension between its existence and its eschatological *telos,* then it constructs a myth

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around its past and its present which distorts its true situation . . . the church itself becomes everything that it was formerly defined against. In biblical language, it falls from spirit to flesh, from the Rule of God to the Kingdom of the Prince of this World." Fourth, and I think most importantly, all the confidence she takes from us concerning the Church, she saves up and heaps on the person of the Holy Spirit.

I am greatly charmed by her book. It has a directness which Küng's lacks and much more than his satisfies one's instinct to go to the jugular vein of the institutional Church. By arguing that the Church must always fight against itself, our covert love-hate relationship with it is nicely sanctioned. For these reasons I suspect it will find an enthusiastic audience; people can't seem to get enough of that sort of thing these days, me included. In the best sense of the term, it is an "inspirational" book, and all the more effective because of its scholarly base.

Depressing Inspiration

But like all the better inspirational books these days, it leaves me more downhearted than ever. The more complex the legitimations the less impressive they are in the long run, the more desperate the whole business seems. My first problem pertains to Dr. Ruether's conviction that "We need to recover that vivid sense of the church as an eschatological community that was so characteristic of primitive Christianity." As she explains it, the fall from an eschatological community came when the expectation of an imminent *eschaton* failed, and history was then perceived as an enemy to be pacified. The Church lost its nerve; it de-eschatologized the faith and "objectivized" and "historified" the Church. Dr. Ruether's analysis is singular and appealing, but her desire to see the Church recover a lost eschatological innocence strains my credulity. For one thing, she has already instructed us that there is "an irreversible discontinuity between apostolic Christianity and all subsequent Christian tradition." But if this is so, there is no logical reason to expect that a contact with the primitive Church's self-affirmation of itself as an eschatological community can be regained. For another, I find it exceedingly doubtful that we should even want to try. By Dr. Ruether's own admission, the Church was losing its character as an eschatological community even as the Apostles began to die. Yet if the primitive community could not itself long sustain an eschatological community, we have no historical reason to think we can succeed where they failed. Why should we try to repeat its ill-fated venture in an eschatological faith? I suspect Dr. Ruether would have an answer to this question, but it kept eluding me in the text.

My second problem is much more serious. The way Dr. Ruether would have us preserve our faith in the Church—now post-Catholic, post-Protestant, post-ecumenical—is by totally spiritualizing its essential nature. "The only binding norm of church life provided for by Christ is the norm of community itself, and this is a spiritual and not an objective reality," she tells the reader. Just what a "spiritual" but non-objective reality is, though, we are not told. The spiritualizing reaches its peak in her constant references to the Holy Spirit. Where Ruether is exceedingly hard-headed about the institutional Church, the historical trinitarian and christological formulations, the theological pretensions of both Catholics and Protestants—demythologizing in all directions—she becomes all heart, all faith, when she talks of the Spirit. We learn that "The church stands in the palm of the Spirit from moment to moment"; "the Holy Spirit is the absolute authority"; "the Holy Spirit is both radically incarnate in the here-and-now, and yet not captured by the here-and-now"; "the Holy Spirit does not underwrite any finalised historical structures or dogmas, but rather breaks apart and brings to an end such history." How she got hold of such certainties about the workings of the Spirit is not explained. Nor are we illuminated about why the very concept of "Spirit" should not be subject to the same kind of critical dissection she accords almost everything else Christian.

How can one explain the discrepancy between Ruether's Spirit theology, which might make a primitive pentecostalist blush, and the otherwise critical apparatus she normally uses? I don't know but I have a guess. At one point, defending an existential theology, she says that its employment will lead to a recovery of the "immediate tension of imminent eschatology," and do so in a way "that can no longer be refuted by history." Just why anyone would be so eager to have an eschatology that could not be refuted by history escapes me. But it is a desire which is of a piece with the way Dr. Ruether talks about the Spirit. There has to be, apparently, somewhere and somehow, one privileged belief, totally resistant to any conceivable testing or refutation.

To extend Berger a bit, that is the critical requirement of complex legitimations, intent on sustaining faith at all costs. By giving to the Spirit all the certainty which has been taken from everything else, the state-of-the-art of complex legitimations is carried well beyond Lawler and Küng. To bulwark the Spirit by saying that God is a "creative void," that we can now dispense with "any literal defense of eschatology, any life after death or future kingdom as a once-and-for-all happening at a specific time," that the Church is a "happening"—well, you just can't find enclaves much more impregnable than those.

If Küng's method makes it unlikely that a decisive test could ever be devised to test the credibility of the Roman Catholic Church, Ruether's method raises the stakes and makes such a test inconceivable for the whole Christian Church. The very boldness of her faith turns out to be the greatest source of its safety. For what safer redoubt could there be for the Christian than to stake his

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faith in a Spirit subject to no human meanings or tests whatever, so radically "spiritual" as to leave all human reckonings in a shambles, so demanding of total human acquiescence as to render all human efforts subject to instant confutation or destruction? In a word, we are given safety and an ultimate Christian legitimation, but at what seems to me a terrible price: a final though subtle loss of human dignity, reason and power.

I take it that what makes man a being worthy of respect is his willingness to "historify" and "objectivize" his visions, to refuse to render them incapable of testing, to refuse to settle for a "spiritual" reality at the expense of an "objective" reality. Perhaps this is only to say that man's greatness ultimately lies in his ability to resist all spiritualizing tendencies, his willingness (all too infrequent, but increasing) to refuse belief in a power or a presence which entirely escapes his testing—and, yes, his bounding and naming and understanding.

Phrased still another way, would it not be worth exploring the possibility that faith in the spirit has been allowed to overshadow the great human meaning of the incarnation? That meaning is that God foreswore all images of transcendent, incalculable spirit for the sake of an objective, testable body; and, beyond that, an objective, testable Church. For once, in the Christian belief in the incarnation, man had the courage to repudiate "imageless voids" and immaterial, "spiritual" gods; he staked himself on a person, in a body, who had a name.

Justus George Lawler accused Charles Davis of being a "materialist." Would that this were true. Davis' contribution to ecclesiology would have been magnificent had he been systematically materialistic. But even his vision of the Church ultimately disappears, at the end of his book, in a spiritual fog. Harvey Cox once wrote somewhere that the coming struggle in the Church would be between the religious and the non-religious Christian. It is about time that this struggle started taking place.

The brilliance of Rosemary Ruether's book is that it pushes "spiritual" Christianity as far as it can go, skillfully encouraging one to hope we can, finally, put ourselves in the hands of a "Spirit." We can't and we shouldn't. We are in our own hands, and in the figure of the bodily, all-too-human Jesus we have a consummate exemplar of what it means to be a materialistic believer and to exist in a supremely bodily community, one which, when it discovered the failure of its infinite hopes, set about creating finite ones. If there is a final Christian sanity, there it lies.

The uses of negativism

TWO CHEERS FOR JOHN BIRCH

JOHN P. SISK

In the John Birch Society's days of glory in the early '60s, no antagonist was too mighty for the Birchers: they took on President Eisenhower, Mrs. Roosevelt and the United Nations, Polish hams and UNESCO Christmas cards. But today the Society has the misfortune of being apocalyptic in times that have become increasingly apocalyptic; in order to keep its identity, its vision must become more, not less, extravagant. Nevertheless, there are, I believe, good reasons for hoping that the John Birch Society does not escalate itself into utter futility—even for wishing it a modest kind of success.

For one thing, a large number of people badly need the John Birch Society, or something like it, if they are not to be thoroughly demoralized. People who join such movements may have political, patriotic or religious motives, but they are also in need of a rattling good story. The Communist movement as imagined by the Birchers spices an existence that would otherwise prove unbearably flat. To such personalities, who generally find democracy politically and morally offensive, the Birch Society offers both an asylum and a stage on which a psychodrama of considerable therapeutic value to a democracy can be acted out.

But the John Birch Society has other important functions to perform. By caricaturing positions the Right would like to take (against the UN, the Supreme Court or the Civil Rights Movement, for instance) it forces much of the Right to modify its stance or drives it Leftward. We think of it as having inflamed the Right in the early '60s, but it is possible now to see how significant was its moderating effect: by being permitted to function as extravagantly as it did it helped keep us as a nation from behaving more insanely than we otherwise might have. By making public cartoons of our private fears it helped us to keep them in some perspective. And most importantly, it taught us how easily our virtues can become our tyrannies.

At the same time, of course, the Society drew the Left Rightward. The Left was then relatively unembarrassed

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by its own extremists and had the rare pleasure of being assured by the moderate center that the real danger, for a change, was from the Right. In those days liberal intellectuals properly deplored the Society's tendency to distorting over-simplifications, its fondness for either/or solutions, its tendency to confuse pious slogans with reasoned positions, its reliance upon guilt-by-association arguments, its inability to make and act on crucial distinctions, its naive assumption that ends are not affected by means.

So, now one wonders how many intellectuals who are for the Civil Rights Movement and against the Administration's actions in Vietnam are beginning to be uncomfortable in an an atmosphere strangely like the one they quite recently found objectionable and dangerous. Must they defend the most violent and intransigent champions of Black Power, lest they seem to be selling out to the enemy? On the Vietnam issue, must they indulge in or frankly sympathize with the most violent extra-legal acts or see themselves as defectors to the hawks?

Consider Mary McCarthy's "Vietnam Solutions," put forward in a recent issue of *The New York Review of Books*. Speaking of the reluctance of some intellectuals "to avoid identification with unruly picketers and other actionists" she states: "The question is simple: Do I disapprove *more* of the sign that picket is carrying—and the beard he is wearing—or of the Vietnamese war? To judge by introspection, the answer is not pretty. For the middle-class, middle-aged 'protester,' the war in Vietnam is easier to take than a sign that says 'JOHNSON MURDERER.'"

Most of us who have joined protest marches are, I imagine, sufficiently convinced of the rightness, even the efficacy, of the gesture to tolerate the passionate absurdities of the placards. But when Miss McCarthy makes a test case in this fashion, as if a squeamish concern with such non-essentials were a clear sign of one's lack of integrity and virtue, then there will be intellectuals, even among the marchers, who feel forced to say—as they used to say to the passionate either/or's of the John Birch Society or the Christian anti-Communist Crusade—that it really isn't that simple and that one must manage somehow to keep that fact in mind no matter how thoroughly one commits himself to the cause lest the cause itself coarsen and change. For in the test case of the protest march, the future promised by the 'JOHNSON MURDERER' placard is about as bleak as a foreign policy based on the domino theory.

It does not help matters for the intellectual if he is familiar with the history of the American reforming spirit and the extent to which its grand causes have tended to become tyrannies of virtue. The very act of participating in a crusade tends to induce the belief that the cause is a pure and shining thing apart from, and unaffected by, the quality of acts performed in its service. Actually, means change causes almost in proportion as a crusade escalates —the classic example being the temperance movement. In current terms this means that when doves take on hawks they tend to become very hawkish.

It can be argued that hawkish doves are better than no doves, but I suspect that many intellectual doves are not at all sure about this and see in hawkish doves the same kind of threat that *American Opinion* is to *The National Review*. They are afraid that a situation will develop in which many wavering but politically useful doves will have to choose between two brands of hawkishness, in which case they will simply choose the one that has the power to keep order.

I suspect, too, that many intellectual doves are further troubled by the despair with democracy which they sense at work in their midst—disguised though it be as an uncompromising demand for virtue. The classic statement of this demand is in Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience": "This people must cease to hold slaves, and to make war on Mexico, though it cost them their existence as a people." Here is the true conscience-hero, and Miss McCarthy inevitably concludes her Vietnam essay with his exemplary sojourn in the Concord jail.

Intolerable Dissent

But as an exemplary figure Thoreau has a very limited utility now—a fact that would be clearer if it were not for the part he played in the Abolition Movement. It is hard to find in him any great understanding of, or sympathy for, a political democracy. This has something to do with his appeal to the Far Right, with which a suspicion of the democratic process is fundamental (in American politics, both extremes are highly susceptible to conscience-heroes). If you take your stand with Thoreau (or Robert Welch or Lincoln Rockwell), political issues tend to resolve into clear-cut contests between the party of virtue and the party of corruption. So polarized, both parties are able to agree on one grand and undemocratic principle: dissent is intolerable, or is tolerable only in contexts where it is meaningless. So polarized, the party of virtue must consider it the supreme immorality to question the credentials of any John Brown who happens to be available and anxious (as John Browns generally are) for dedicated service.

Many intellectuals have learned this lesson the hard way since World War II (or since the thirties if their experience goes back that far). During the past 20 years they have become increasingly aware of the complexity of the democratic process and of the extent to which its success depends on an unremitting critical effort. It is apparent on the one hand that to define and refine itself democracy must be able to accommodate not only exemplary figures who push one or another of its component ideas to an extreme position but even those who question its basic principles. On the other hand, it has become increasingly clear that one of the functions of democracy is to protect quite ordinary and unheroic people from the tyrannies of

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heroic consciences—and that both the fate of the democratic process and the fate of the intellectual as critic in a democracy is bound up with this protective function.

It is not simply that the intellectual has learned tolerance, which may only be a disguise for indecision, unconcern or hopelessness; it is that the recognition of the right of the widest possible range of views to exist and be heard (in itself a "democratic" recognition) is inseparable from the function of the intellectual. Of necessity, there is an ironic dimension in his life; if there were not he would be cut off from too many sources of information. His conscience at its best is so organized that he is likely to feel treasonous if he refuses the devil the right to speak—which may make him a reluctant partisan but keeps him from being a champion of all-or-nothing ideologies.

Doomsday Fictions

The irony, then, is to see how many liberal intellectuals share with the John Birch Society an inability to take up a position without stating or implying that all other positions are categorically invalid, dishonest, cowardly or corrupt. In practical terms, this means that something like *Commentary*'s September, 1967 symposium on Liberal Anti-Communism, ranging as it did in its opinions on Vietnam from Sidney Hook to Paul Goodman, was a scandal to intellectuals who had settled passionately into intransigent moral positions. It means that in many publications directed to intellectuals there is a constant clash between the ironic and prophetic modes. It means that the multi-optional implications of Miss McCarthy's fiction jar with the single-option intensity of her Vietnam article.

It also means that if the John Birch Society were stronger it would be easier to see the resemblance between Robert Welch's and Norman Mailer's views of reality. Among other things, both share a tendency to anthropomorphize the state and identify it as the Enemy. The implicit assumption of Mailer's famous Vietnam Day Speech (given at Berkeley and now available in *Cannibals and Christians*) is that the state, if not American society generally, is a malevolent person—a person strongly resembling Mailer's version of President Johnson. What questions this speech prompted its original audience to ask I do not know. Very likely it discouraged embarrassing or hostile questions by its rhetorically powerful reduction of all options to two: you were for Mailer or for the President; even the Vietnam issue was secondary to that choice. But reading the speech now in cold blood one wonders if a society so corrupt and so dominated by Dick Tracy-type monsters can possibly be saved or is even worth saving.

Apparently the frustrated intellectual shares with the Bircher a paradoxical need for doomsday fictions to keep himself at a fighting pitch, as if he were convinced that only two choices were available to him: the sort of purist aloofness from the corruptions of political action that Richard Hofstadter deplored in *Anti-intellectualism in American Life*, or a true-believer kind of unqualified commitment to a salvific course of action. If the John Birch Society were more vigorous, this mirror resemblance would be clearer and intellectual doves might be forced to examine their own fictions more closely—and perhaps to discover how possible it is to be free of political passion and yet guilty of that treason of the intellectuals that Julien Benda has linked with political passion.

Certainly the Civil Rights Movement and the miserable Vietnam war have been the occasions of a moral coming of age for very many intellectuals, who have behaved responsibly and honorably—if with something less than the passionate unanimity that Miss McCarthy and Norman Mailer would like to see. But for many others, moral involvement has made explicit the intellectual's temptation to throw himself into action as an escape from the perplexities of these issues and from the guilt that tends to accumulate in him when he accepts as valid the disjunction of thought and action.

When he gives in to this temptation, it is all too likely that he will idealize action and expect from it the purity and economy of line that is found in melodrama. This is a kind of action that the Birchers have always envisaged—an action that proceeds from absolute positions toward imagined absolute conclusions: toward once-and-for-all solutions. It is an action that in the interest of its own purity is always in danger of making a means out of its own announced end, of escalating itself into being its own highly satisfactory reason for existence. It would be comforting to think that a moderately healthy John Birch Society would continue to make this fact so dramatically clear that the liberal intellectual Left would be spared the disaster of having to make it. Perhaps for this reason the Society merits the special protection we give to those predators whose extinction threatens to upset the ecology of nature.

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JOHN FANDEL

STATES

Soul wept, down upon
Waters by Babylon,
Its morning of loss;
This would come to a cross,
Being the only one
God the chaste Father's Son.

Such interest improved
Soul's condition, moved
To a second set of tears
Brought on by joy through arrears
Into the stratagem;
Soul sang in Jerusalem.

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GREAT BRITTEN

RECORDS

What is striking in Benjamin Britten's music is the enormously resourceful craftsmanship that can, and very often does, operate in the place of real creative invention —the worst example being his opera *The Rape of Lucretia.* But in parts of *Albert Herring* one hears real and effective invention for the situation; and from first to last in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the music establishes the atmosphere of the scenes, points up Shakespeare's words, and works with superb effect with and for the play on its three levels: the unreal supernatural level of Oberon and Titania (established by the counter-tenor voice of Oberon, the coloratura style of Titania), the real human level of the lovers, the low-comedy level of the artisans. It is Britten's finest work; and on London records he conducts a performance—with Alfred Deller, Elizabeth Harwood, Owen Brannigan, Heather Harper and Peter Pears, among others—which is excellent, except for the timbre of Deller's counter-tenor, which I find unattractive.

The arias and scenes from the unfamiliar early operas of Verdi—*Un Giorno di Regno, I Due Foscari, Alzira, Attila, Aroldo, Il Corsaro, I Lombardi*—that Caballé, on a Victor record, sings with admirable musical taste and dramatic expressiveness, turn out to be not mere historical curiosities but musically interesting and effective pieces, in which one hears Verdi operating with impressive powers even in the conventional style of the period, and every now and then—in an eloquent melody, a powerful accompaniment figure, a startling harmonic progression, a beautiful orchestral texture—foretelling what those powers will achieve in the later works in which they will operate with freedom.

The soprano voice of Elena Suliotis—in arias from Verdi's *Macbeth, Luisa Miller* and *Un Ballo in Maschera* and the final scene from Donizetti's *Anna Bolena,* on a London record—is without luster and warmth, but is clear, steady and powerful, and is used with impressive style in florid passages and dramatic force in melody.

All the songs of Brahms and Wolf that Lotte Lehmann recorded for Victor between 1935 and 1947, except Wolf's delightful *In dem Schatten meiner Locken,* are now on a low-priced Victrola record. They include one of Brahms' best. *Botschaft,* and a number of Wolf's: *Anakreon's Grab, In der Frühe, Auf ein altes Bild, Heimweh, Du denkst mit einem Fädchen, Auch Kleine Dinge, Nun lasst uns Frieden schliessen, Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen?*—the last two issued now for the first time. And in them Lehmann's voice—though it changes, and in addition is made to sound different by changes in recording—retains its unique loveliness, and is used with the affecting art that becomes subtilized and refined. They should be acquired with their original mono sound on the VIC record, not with the "electronic stereo" sound on the VICS(e) record.

Some of the songs of Schumann performed superbly on a Deutsche Grammophon record by the supreme *Lieder*-singer of today, Fischer-Dieskau, and the pianist Demus are moderately interesting; the others are not even that. And Fischer-Dieskau's performances of a few Schubert songs in the Angel set, *Homage to Gerald Moore,* are excellent; but the deterioration in Schwarzkopf's and de los Angeles' voices is painfully evident in their solo performances; and most of the ensemble pieces are uninteresting.

The new musical continence and refinement of Artur Rubinstein's playing in the last few years, in addition to its continuing tonal beauty and perfection of execution, have made it a pleasure to hear. And though Lipatti's incandescent performance of Schumann's Piano Concerto —now on a low-priced Odyssey record, with very good sound when one reduces treble—remains unequaled, Rubinstein's relaxed, spacious performance on a Victor record has some of the most beautiful playing he has ever recorded, and with it the beautifully phrased orchestral part that Giulini produces with the Chicago Symphony.

The new Yale Quartet's performances of Mozart's Quartets K.421 and 575 on a medium-priced Vanguard Cardinal record are even more impressive than its earlier one of Beethoven's Op. 132, and the only playing by an American group that is comparable with the Guarneri Quartet's. Its members are outstanding string-players who operate together with unfailing musical intelligence, sensitiveness and taste; and their performance of K.421—in its perfection of pacing, phrasing and articulation—is the finest I have heard since the great early years of the Budapest Quartet. The stereo recording requires addition of bass for adequate cello sound and drastic reduction of treble for agreeable violin sound.

Isaac Stern's excellent performance of the fine Mozart Concerto K.216 with the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell is reproduced by the Columbia stereo record with sound that also requires addition of bass and reduction of treble (the mono version probably has more bass). His performance of the Sinfonie Concertante K.364 for violin and viola with Trampler and the London Symphony, on the same record, is good; but even better is Grumiaux's with Pelliccia and the London Symphony under Davis on a Philips record.

Victor has begun to issue the newly edited Toscanini recordings not only with their original mono sound on records with VIC numbers, but with "electronically reprocessed stereo" sound on records with VICS(e) numbers that should be left unbought. VIC-1315 has the magnificent performance of Tchaikovsky's *Manfred* Symphony, excellently reproduced with a solidity it didn't have in the first-issued version, but requiring reduction

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of treble in the third movement and the later half of the fourth. VIC-1311 has Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* (add bass in the second movement, reduce treble in both movements). VIC-1314, devoted to Verdi, has Act 4 of *Rigoletto* (add bass, reduce treble), the Trio from *I Lombardi* (reduce treble), and the Overture and tenor aria from *Luisa Miller* (reduce treble). And VIC-1274, devoted to Rossini, has the Overtures to *Semiramide* (add bass, reduce treble) and *William Tell* (reduce treble), and good transfers of the 78-rpm Overtures to *The Barber of Seville, La Gazza Ladra* and *Il Signor Bruschino* and Dances from *William Tell* (increase treble for all, bass for the first two).

B. H. HAGGIN

RACY MOTHER ENGLAND

THE SCREEN

It's probably no more cricket for us to use British films to judge the amorality of the British younger set than it is for Europeans to say, "What do you expect of a nation that assassinates its Presidents," when they see movies of violence like "Bonnie and Clyde," "P.J.," "The Dirty Dozen," *et al.* In any case the Britishers have sent over a couple of racy items that should no doubt be accepted with a grain of salt rather than "this is how it is."

One of them, "Up the Junction," has already boiled up a tempest in Great Britain. Its plot and theme, first done in a TV program, startled British "telly" watchers for its frankness and realism. The movie-makers, producers Anthony Havelock-Allan and John Brabourne, director Peter Collinson, and scriptwriter Roger Smith, went not to the TV show for source but back to the original novel by Nell Dunn, who gave the English and us a sample of her wares and knowledge of the lower classes in the current "Poor Cow." The English may be unhappy about "Up the Junction," but I found it, in spite of some flaws, engrossing.

It tells the story of late-teen Polly (Suzy Kendall) who hopes to escape from the confinement and hypocrisy of her upper-class background of London's fashionable Chelsea by crossing the Thames and living and working in the grubby district of Battersea. As Polly settles down to a job in a candy factory and rents and furnishes an apartment over a garage, director Collinson treats us to shots of this crowded tenement neighborhood and the people with whom Polly now works and plays. Shot after shot, perhaps somewhat condescending, but we get to know these lower classes around Clapham Junction Station well. We get to know them better as the slight storyline moves on, as Polly becomes friendly with two sisters (Adrienne Posta and Maureen Lipman) and they accept her in spite of her obvious posh background; she even accompanies the pregnant, unmarried sister to an abortionist in a series of scenes, like those in "Alfie," that almost become a diatribe on the subject. Polly also becomes friendly with a good-looking young truck driver, who is strangely underplayed by Dennis Waterman as a sensitive lad looking for more in life than working in a junk shop. That Polly and he should become attracted to each other is not surprising, although their going to bed together on their first date is. And perhaps so is the conclusion to this rather touching love affair.

The boy proposes marriage. Somewhat indignantly, Polly turns him down because of his poor job and lack of money, and becomes hurt and angry when he replies, "Everyone in Battersea knows you're only playing a game. We all know you've got plenty of money. Why should I get a job?" Perhaps just this is the trouble with "Up the Junction." Polly is just playing a game. The film never explains what she is really doing in Battersea. Nell Dunn, who wrote the novel in 1963, went through a similar experience—but moved from Chelsea to Battersea to get the background for her book. In the film, Polly seems to be just slumming. In spite of this major flaw, however, "Up the Junction" is an interesting and stirring movie. Perhaps I would have liked it even better if its good photography had been in black and white instead of glossy Technicolor, but as a portrait of uninhibited youth rebelling against its drab neighborhood and desperate situations, it is fascinating.

Lighter, funnier, and more swinging is "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," which relates the experiences of a 17-year-old lad who's obsessed with the idea of making it with the girls. What with his Walter Mitty dreams of conquest and his actual trial-and-error experiences, this British film is a kind of cross between two American movies, the "Mitty" picture and the more recent "You're a Big Boy Now." Newcomer Barry Evans is fine as the young fellow, and a series of quite pretty girls are equally good as the partners in his efforts, failures, and eventual success. The main trouble with "Mulberry Bush" is that it concentrates so heavily on sex and the boy's obsession with it that the picture gets not only very tiresome but also very, very vulgar. Producer-director Clive Donner and his scriptwriter Hunter Davies might have given us a little surcease from the subject; they try in the wonderful scenes with the boy's wacky, culture-minded mother (Moyra Fraser), but return they must to another orgy, nude swimming scene, and the trial and error and successful efforts as we go round and round the mulberry bush.

Funniest of all, and somewhat different with young people well in their 20's is "30 Is a Dangerous Age, Cynthia." Actually this hilarious movie is a *tour de force* for Dudley Moore who is the star, the music composer, and one of the scriptwriters of the whole zany concoction.

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Moore plays a composer whose 30th birthday is in six weeks, and he thinks anyone who has any stuff must be a success and married by the time he's 30. Like the lad in "Mulberry Bush," Moore too has Walter Mitty dreams —but no vulgarity here, the dreams are about Beethoven and Bach and Mozart—and then a wild one about Handel (during which Moore composes a musical comedy). While "30 Is a Dangerous Age" may not jell as a whole, it has some of the funniest short scenes ever to turn up in movies—scenes that are pure wacky poetry. Suzy Kendall is pretty as the girl of Moore's dreams, and our own Eddie Foy, Jr., is fine as Moore's friend. Bogart fans will revel in the long satire on the Bogart private eye films. Dudley Moore is excellent throughout his film, so good that I wish the film itself were better.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

FRYING THE TIGER

THE STAGE

"The Trojan War Will Not Take Place," as *Tiger at the Gates* should be called, is a much maligned play. It should not be translated into English, least of all by Christopher Fry; it should not be performed by an American cast, least of all by the Lincoln Center Repertory Company; and it should not have to be reviewed by New York reviewers, least of all Clive Barnes.

Jean Giraudoux wrote the most gossamer, translucent, opalescent prose ever written; and if prose cannot be all of those things simultaneously, why, then, his is all of them by turns. It is also precious, sparkling, ironic and imbued with profound pessimism. That, too, I imagine, is paradoxical; and so is Giraudoux. Seldom if ever has the language of clearest poetry and ravishing wit carried such a load of bitterness, misanthropy, despair. To translate him into English, though, you would need a Samuel Beckett rewritten by Robert Herrick; Giraudoux is like a battering ram carved by Cellini out of pure alabaster. Jean Cocteau wrote about Giraudoux, when he was drawing him on his deathbed, "You were telling me my drawings were a kind of writing. I find your writing a sort of drawing, or rather, something like those astonishing rosettes that form at the core of a folded and refolded piece of paper that one cuts out at the corners."

What does Mr. Fry do to Giraudoux? He gilds the lily: "You poet with dirty feet" becomes "You filthy-footed iambic pentameter." He loses the flavor: Ajax, "le plus brutal et le plus mauvais coucheur des Grecs" (which calls for something like "the meanest plug-ugly among the Greeks") becomes limply "the most impossible and unruly man among the Greeks." Something snappy, like Cassandra's retort to Andromache about a war having been the last, "C'était la derniére. La suivante l'attend" (which should run roughly "It is the last. Now comes the next"), is dragged out into "It is the last. The next is still ahead of him." These may not be the best examples of Fry's misadapting, but they are what I got down on my program. To think that there was a time not so long ago when Fry was considered a major poetic dramatist! I think of that when I look at some of today's luminaries; it gives me hope.

There has been much carping about Giraudoux's lack of realism—wars supposedly don't break out the way this Trojan War does, the leaders trying to avert it but the old men, the fanatics, the rabble precipitating it anyway. I wonder whether these same Newer Critics who find Giraudoux unreal and old hat would claim that Genet's *The Screens* is a true representation of what happened in Algeria, or whether they would complain that social exploitation is not accurately depicted in *Waiting for Godot*? The truth is that the opposition of our youth and of some of our more responsible civic and intellectual leaders to the Vietnam War is very much like the efforts of Hector and Ulysses to avert war; if Giraudoux translates reality into witty or poignant metaphors (like Ulysses' reason for wanting peace: "Andromache bats her eyelashes exactly the way Penelope does"), surely that cannot make the play less valid as a dramatic poem.

The cast, however, is barely dramatic, let alone poetic. There is, in fact, a kind of pathetic fallacy in the way some of these clods attempt to be lyrical and airy, like elephants tripping the light fantastic. Philip Bosco's Hector is not a bad performance for an American actor in the present parochial state of our theater; but, as of now, Bosco does not have it in him to carry the weight—especially the airy, feathery weight—of a whole play on his shoulders. One thinks of accounts of what Louis Jouvet did with the oration for the dead in the original production: he delivered it all in a heartrending monotone. (But, of course, Jouvet's monotone was full of subtle half- and quarter-tones.) Bosco declaims and barnstorms, and the thing falls flat.

But flat is good compared to some of the other performances: Robert Symonds' unbearably sniveling Demokos, Roger de Koven's peevish Priam, Jennifer West's vulgar Marilyn Monroe *cum* Jackie Kennedy Helen, Diana Sands' unrelievedly sneering Cassandra (as if the ironic epigram required a tone of heavy, contemptuous sarcasm), and so on, quite literally, *ad nauseam*. Only Tony van Bridge, as Ulysses, proved once again what a figure a professional cuts among amateurs: with such a Greek, what chance did the Trojans have?

Stanley Silverman contributed his usual totally meaningless musical score; David Hays' sets were aggressively cute, and Fred Voelpel's costumes, as always, militantly unsightly. In fact, there was a separate war going on between Hector's and Ulysses' costumes: the one's para-

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trooper's plus-fours against the other's feather-boa-like cloak, each trying to outhorrify the other.

The whole thing was strenuously misdirected by Anthony Quayle. The pace was uncertain, and the stage movement always either schematic or studiedly hectic, with chorus-like crowds along the sidelines sounding off ploddingly on cue. Even obvious details were muffed: if Helen is spoken of as adjusting her sandals off-stage, she comes in barefoot. The stage directions explicitly call for a brilliant last image: as the Gates of War are opened again, they are to reveal Helen unconcernedly kissing Troilus. Quayle allows the gates to open first, and then has Helen slinking over to kiss the boy. That makes it all deliberate, calculated, instead of spontaneous and truly horrible—all for sex, and the world well lost.

The scenes involving the gods were, regrettably, cut. This left the mortals, as usual, holding the bag: whether they were dead, like Giraudoux, or technically alive, like the cast. (*At the Vivian Beaumont*)

JOHN SIMON

BOOKS

The revolution awaiting: to democratize the cultural apparatus

The Crisis Of The Negro Intellectual

HAROLD CRUSE

William Morrow, $8.95

ARTHUR TOBIER

" 'You are saved,' cried Captain Delano, more and more astonished and pained; 'you are saved; what has cast such a shadow upon you?' 'The Negro,' came Benito Cereno's reply." The two words resonate here still, in this country of the mind, as Emerson called it. Harold Cruse's first book will not assuage the pain or the astonishment. We've learned too little from history for that. But what the book should do at the least for many, even the most reluctant is to suggest the passionate wish of individual and nation *to be,* and immutably connected with this, the passionate sense of failure. And at the most, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* might fix into our sensibility how complicated it is to create a self of substance.

In this book—at times brilliant, sometimes shrill, but seldom unimportant—we are in the presence of a man freeing himself from the abstractions that have attempted to shape *him* into an abstraction: a man who wants not only to know who he is but who is acting to extend that knowledge existentially, and who insists on establishing his own field of vision. It is, in part, a book about the crises of the intellectual community whatever its shading. "Who knows but that, on the lower frequencies," Ellison's *Invisible Man* ends, "I speak for you." Cruse doesn't presume to be Ellison's narrator, but obviously, just as Ellison's novel ten years ago prefigured the riots of Watts and Detroit and Newark, it prefigured the coming of Harold Cruse.

Born in Virginia, he came of age in Manhattan. He writes about Negro artists, and Harlem in the 1920's, and in all the decades since (for 40 years unable to extend itself intellectually); about the "cultural compulsives" of Jewish and Protestant intellectuals; about chauvinistic West Indians, and the Communist Party; about social realism, integrationism, nationalism, separatism, black powerism; about the images of the mass media; about the theater of illusions and the illusions of economic change and political reform; and the intrusions of the politics of culture on the imagination of creative intellectuals. Layer upon layer of disciplined abstraction into which Harold Cruse and others were folded and left to muddle through to their own voice.

We all do strange things with our voices when we find them. Cruse uses his to dissent. There are moments when he loses control of his voice and it records only what he so capably exposes elsewhere—the closed-off world of left-wing ideological and political onanism. And then his voice sounds like this: "The special function of the Negro intellectual is a cultural one. He should take to the rostrum and assail the stultifying blight of the commercially depraved white middle-class who has poisoned the structural roots of the American people into a nation of intellectual dolts. He should explain the economic and institutional causes of this American cultural depravity. He should tell black America how and why Negroes are trapped in this cultural degeneracy, and how it has dehumanized their essential identity, squeezed the lifeblood of their inherited cultural ingredients out of them, and then relegated them to cultural slums."

But when he permits himself to listen to his own mind, for undertones and further meanings, he writes: "It is perfectly understandable why many new Afro-American Nationalists in the cities of the North must experience a separatist mood of withdrawal from any or all contacts with the white world. The historical character of black and white social relations in America makes such a mood a prerequisite for positive reexamination and reevaluation of the black personality. For groups as well as individuals it is often necessary to retreat."

Cruse criticizes both current integrationist and separatist philosophies. Integrationism, he insists, is still only in tegration, "and the dynamics of inte-

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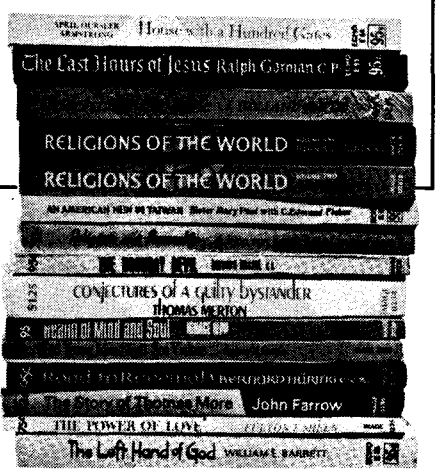
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gration are its social aims. The integrationist philosophy sees Negro ghettos as products of racial segregation that should not even exist. Hence nothing in the traditions of ghettos is worth preserving even when ghettos do exist in actuality." Black power he sees as self-defeating from the other end and he perceives its being reduced to a game of dozens: "I'm blacker than you, and so is my mama, so I'm purer than you and your mama. Therefore I am also more nationalistic than you, and more politically trustworthy than you and your mama, in the interests of Black Power." But most important of all, I think, for the audience Cruse is addressing are his insights into the connections between Booker T. Washington, Marcus Garvey, and W. E. B. DuBois, whom he calls the Big Three, and how their work has been misconstrued.

Cruse convinces with his intelligence and strength of mind in each of the 28 essays that make up the book. But he might have done well to make more than just this one book out of his material. It isn't meant to detract from its achievement to say that *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* is not well edited. The book knows a great deal about what is happening now in Harlem (and perhaps by extension in Watts and Detroit and Newark and Chicago). But it wanders, it repeats, it moves from detached observation to polemic and back, it compels, insists, and overstates, often without support. This is particularly noticeable in Cruse's discussion of economics.

And I disagree with Cruse's argument that the only original element in American culture is Negro music. Language and humor from all sections of the country, as Constance Rourke's work has shown, have helped shape American character at least as much as jazz. To insist on the primacy of any one aesthetic is to be held down by an act of will. But I would prefer to guess that Cruse knows this. His central concern says he does. The theme that weaves its way throughout the book is the attention that must be paid the plural experience in America. For the author, the key to extending the society and each of us, is to establish cultural democracy. He finds it absent outside the intellectual community. "To democratize the cultural apparatus [and Cruse feels it cannot be accomplished without serious and creative effort by Negro intellectuals now in their twenties and thirties] is tantamount to revolutionizing American society into realizing its professed ideals. Either we find all groups speak for themselves and for the nation, or American nationality will never be determined."

Revolution? Seems to me that's where we came in. What Cruse is saying is that the revolution is to discover America.

REVIEWER

ARTHUR TOBIER is on the staff of the Center for Urban Education in New York.

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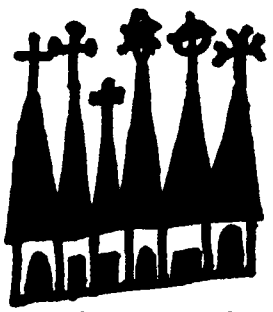

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 35)

sultant firm of Louis Berger, Inc. of East Orange, New Jersey—a few years ago obtained a commission from the Brazilian GEIPOT (Executive Group for Policy Integration on Transportation), an official government agency, to do a study of the entire transportation system in Alagoas, Pernambuco, Paraiba and Rio Grande do Norte which some observers in Brazil have found suspiciously drawn-out. Berger is one of five foreign consulting firms contracted by GEIPOT and all were recently denounced by Brazilian Senator Marcel Alencar as being "two years behind" in the fulfillment of their contractual obligations.

The extent of damage to Brazilian-American relations—most carefully concealed from the American public—relates basically not to the use of the AIFLD and the IFPCW by the CIA as much as to the question of who is going to develop Brazil's oil potential and under what conditions. *Ultima Hora* on Sept. 26, 1967 carried Archbishop Helder Camara's emotional plea to his countrymen "to safeguard our mineral wealth, for if we don't we shall end up without it." . . . JOSEPH J. PALISI

Brussels, Belgium

To the Editors: . . . The "Garvey" article is a work of sheer inventive genius . . . Lists are always impressive—whether forged or invented—more so when they contain figures in odd amounts ($140.64,

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etc.) . . . This feeble attempt could better have been titled *"Commonweal* Bungles On." I hope at least that it will inspire you to a little less trust in pseudonymous handouts . . .

Would it be too much of a strain on the limits of your love for "The Establishment" for you to investigate and present a true picture of what international trade union groups are doing in Latin America? JAMES P. RYAN

Denver, Colo.

To the Editors: Is *Commonweal* moving so far left on the continuum of political thought as to become the political blood brother of the extreme right? Your Feb. 9, article, "Meddling in Brazil: The CIA Bungles On," written over the pseudonym of Ernest Garvey, in which you present allegation as fact, smells of McCarthyism.

It is well for "Garvey" to hide his identity. No one could make so many errors by accident. One must assume that "Garvey" is out to discredit AFL-CIO President George Meany, by attempting to tie him to "CIA Meddling in Brazil."

I do not propose to defend CIA. Perhaps they meddle in Brazilian affairs, *but not in this case.* I do not propose to defend George Meany and his labor philosophy. He has demonstrated ample ability for this. I do propose to defend IFPCW in whose principles I believe. So let's set the record straight.

The central charge of the article is that IFPCW has meddled in Brazilian affairs by bribing Brazilian officials with US$16,666.67. The corollary charge is that IFPCW is an instrumentality of the CIA in this endeavor. Both allegations are false and malicious.

Commonweal Statement: "The story of the alleged bribery by IFPCW on behalf of CIA comes complete with documentation in the form of a list of payoffs."

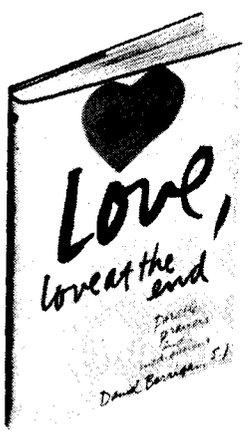
Fact: The "documents," published first in the sensationalist Rio newspaper, *Ultima Hora*, were handed to the Brazilian Government which convened an investigating committee to probe these sensational charges. As was reported in Brazil three weeks prior to your article, the Committee unequivocally accepted expert technical testimony that both documents were unquestionable forgeries.

Commonweal Statement: "IFPCW was one of those traced to the CIA through NSA revelations . . . According to its own financial report, it received $30,000 from the Andrew Hamilton Foundation, a CIA front."

Fact: The IFPCW has been "traced to the CIA" only in the same way thousands of State Department officials were supposedly traced to the Communist party fifteen years ago, . . . by turning allegation into fact. The statement that the Andrew Hamilton Foundation was a "CIA front" is allegation, not fact.

IFPCW's Executive Board, composed of distinguished international labor leaders from fourteen nations, has reviewed these charges of tenuous "ties" between IFPCW and CIA thoroughly and found them without substance.

Commonweal Statement: ". . . IFPCW, an American Union. . ."



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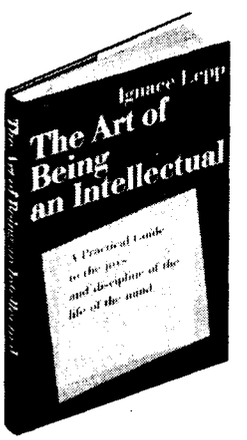

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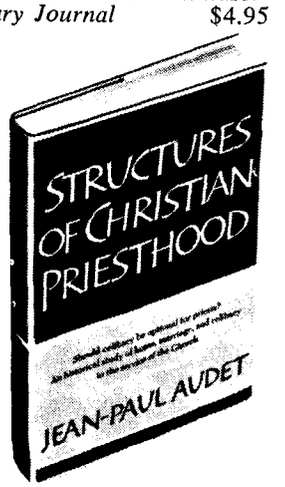

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Fact: IFPCW is an *international* organization with two million members in eighty-three countries. It has headquarters in the U.S. but has no standing under U.S. labor law. IFPCW's President is Venezuelan, its Executive Board is composed of citizens of fourteen nations, and its field staff is overwhelmingly non-American.

Commonweal Statement: "IFPCW attempted to encourage Brazil's petrochemical unions to affiliate with their North American counterpart . . . in a . . . continuing effort to influence Latin American trade unions to be primarily 'apolitical craft guilds,' on the assumption that the politics of Latin unions will be anti-U.S."

Fact: IFPCW is not anyone's "North American counterpart." As an *International*, it does have 315,000 Brazilian members in the petroleum and chemical industries.

IFPCW has never attempted to build "apolitical craft guilds." IFPCW works within the context of local national law and tradition. This policy is overseen by IFPCW's Vice Presidents, many of whom are politically active in their own nations. IFPCW President Tovar is a leader of Venezuela's Acción Democrática party, founded by Romulo Betancourt. Many of IFPCW's Executive Board are similarly engaged, with their unions, in national politics. And it is not uncommon for these people and their unions to be critical of U.S. foreign policy.

Commonweal Statement: "IFPCW's activity has been the principal cause of the failure of Brazil's sixteen petroleum unions to unite . . . The unions have remained fragmented because of IFPCW interference."

Fact: It is IFPCW policy to encourage amalgamation within the context of national law. It has done this in Brazil and now has affiliated four Brazilian federations. Brazilian law determines the category of workers that may be federated. The fragmentation referred to is by law and not of IFPCW's making.

The "sixteen unions" are those of Petrobras, the Brazilian national oil company. Fourteen of these unions are strongly in favor of affiliation to IFPCW. But affiliation was stalled by two unions who favor a rival Trade Secretariat, ICF.

Here one gets to the heart of the furor in Brazil. Briefly, IFPCW and ICF have been in an international jurisdictional dispute for five years. This dispute spilled into Brazil for the first time when ICF posted its first representative in Brazil five months ago. ICF has no affiliates in Brazil, but it has managed to cause the present confusion in the Brazilian labor movement by triggering false accusations of IFPCW "bribery."

Commonweal Statement: "Earlier allegations of CIA involvement led the petroleum unions to decide against affiliation. . ."

Fact: IFPCW has affiliated 315,000 Brazilian petroleum and chemical workers. It was only the Petrobras workers who decided against requesting governmental permission to affiliate to *any* trade Secretariat in spite of a majority support for IFPCW. This decision was related to the IFPCW-ICF jurisdictional dispute, not to false CIA allegations.

Commonweal Statement: ". . . documentation uncovered by *São Paulo* union leader, Egisto Domenicalli. . ."

Fact: Domenicalli's documentation is proven forgery. This ex-convict is presently in jail in connection with the "IFPCW bribery" forgeries. He never led any legitimate union of consequence. To honor him with the title of "São Paulo trade union leader" is an injustice to São Paulo and its trade union movement.

Commonweal Statement: "President Costa e Silva issued an Executive Order . . . denouncing the IFPCW by name."

Fact: Taken in conjunction with the rest of the article, *Commonweal* creates the impression that IFPCW was being denounced for "meddling in Brazilian affairs" and "bribery." The government of Brazil has exonerated IFPCW of these charges. It has criticized IFPCW and ICF because of jurisdictional problems.

Commonweal Statement: "On Jan. 19, IFPCW was expelled from Brazil."

Fact: IFPCW was not expelled from Brazil, on, before or after Jan. 19. IFPCW Representative Velazquez is still in Rio. The investigating committee recommended to the government that all ITC's suspend activity temporarily, that new regulations concerning international labor relations be promulgated, and that IFPCW and ICF be required to apply for permission to operate in Brazil . . . because of their jurisdictional problems. No formal action has been taken concerning this recommendation, although the ICF representative has been personally expelled.

Commonweal Statement: "The fact that no news . . . reached the U.S. press, although the wire services and major newspapers are aware of it, is ominous."

Fact: The story was carried on UPI on Dec. 21-22, and appeared in the Denver *Post* on Dec. 23. It was carried in the New York *Times* on Feb. 3, six days before the publication of *Commonweal*. No one squelched anything, or played the story for anything more or less than it was . . . an internal Brazilian political problem.

Commonweal should check its facts before accusing the U.S. press of ominous news suppression or unprofessional complacency. The truly ominous thing is *Commonweal's* unprofessional and unethical attack on the good names of many people with half-truths and outright lies. We suggest *Commonweal* search its conscience and take steps to clear the names of those it has maligned.

LOYD A. HASKINS
General Secretary, IFPCW

Reply

I write under the pen name Ernest Garvey for reasons which have nothing to do with the issue at hand. George Meany does not need me to discredit him. Last spring, portions of a Byzantine network of CIA fronts and conduits were uncovered and officially acknowledged by the State Department. International labor organizations were among the worst offenders. Is this "McCarthyism"?

In brief response to Mr. Haskins' principal contentions:

The documents (whose quantity is better measured in kilos than pages) have not been proved forgeries. Mr.

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Haskins is accepting a cavalier dismissal of evidence by a Government which his own organization has termed a dictatorship. In the meantime, a full investigation, initiated by the Brazilian Chamber of Deputies, which Mr. Haskins fails to mention, has yet to conclude its work.

The Alexander Hamilton Fund is indisputably a CIA front, and nothing else. Its identity was established in Congressman Wright Patman's 1966 Hearings, and can be corroborated through tax records. The respected *Congressional Quarterly* refers to it as a "CIA dummy."

The "International" character of IFPCW is a fiction. Since its CIA connections came to light, IFPCW has lost many of its European affiliates, and may lose more. Its Venezuelan President was hastily installed after the CIA revelations of last year, replacing the head of the American affiliate.

The Government of Brazil has not "exonerated" IFPCW; in fact, its office has been shut down and its records impounded.

UPI did carry a sketchy story Dec. 22, but this affair had been front-page news in Brazil since September, and was carried by virtually every respected Brazilian daily. The *Times* story ran the same day *Commonweal* reached the newsstands.

In summary, IFPCW has been linked to CIA activity through identified conduits. IFPCW's activities in Brazil are the subject of a full pending investigation, and have not been exonerated, despite pressure from the US Government, and American union officials.

The IFPCW case is of no special significance. It is worth noting as an illustration of the continuing pernicious influence of ostensibly private American beneficence abroad, which only rebounds to American discredit.

ERNEST GARVEY

Stone Ears

Forest Hills, N.Y.

To the Editors: In "The Silent-Singers" (Jan. 19) Doris Grumbach has spoken openly and truthfully on a topic which has alarmed many of my associates—lay, religious and priests as well.

We wonder what good is done when the results of our discussions about needed reform in our parish remain unanswered. How long will it be before the "stone" ears of our diocesan pastors heed the pleas of our intelligent Christians? Why is it that our bishops who were a part of Vatican II have remained unmoved while so many, not present, are ready to move in the direction of Christianity? Is not something lacking somewhere? . . .

SISTER ROSE CATHERINE KEENAN, I.H.M.

Correction

In "No End of Pledges" by Herbert Hill (March 15), the following sentence on page 711 should have read: "An example of the consequences of the anti-Negro practices is provided by the U.S. Census Bureau, which reported that in 1950 there were exactly 2,190 Negro apprentices in *all* industry [not just in the building trades]; in 1960, ten years later, there were 2,191 Negroes in apprenticeship training programs."

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